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MTV'S MUSIC TELEVISION©

BEAVIS AND BUTT-HEAD™

TRICK OR TREAT, DUDE...

YEAH! GIVE US FREE CANDY!!

SKULL

DEATH ROCK

GARL DURN! DON'T YOU BOYS KNOW HALLOWEEN WAS LAST NIGHT?

RICK PARKER

DIRECT EDITION
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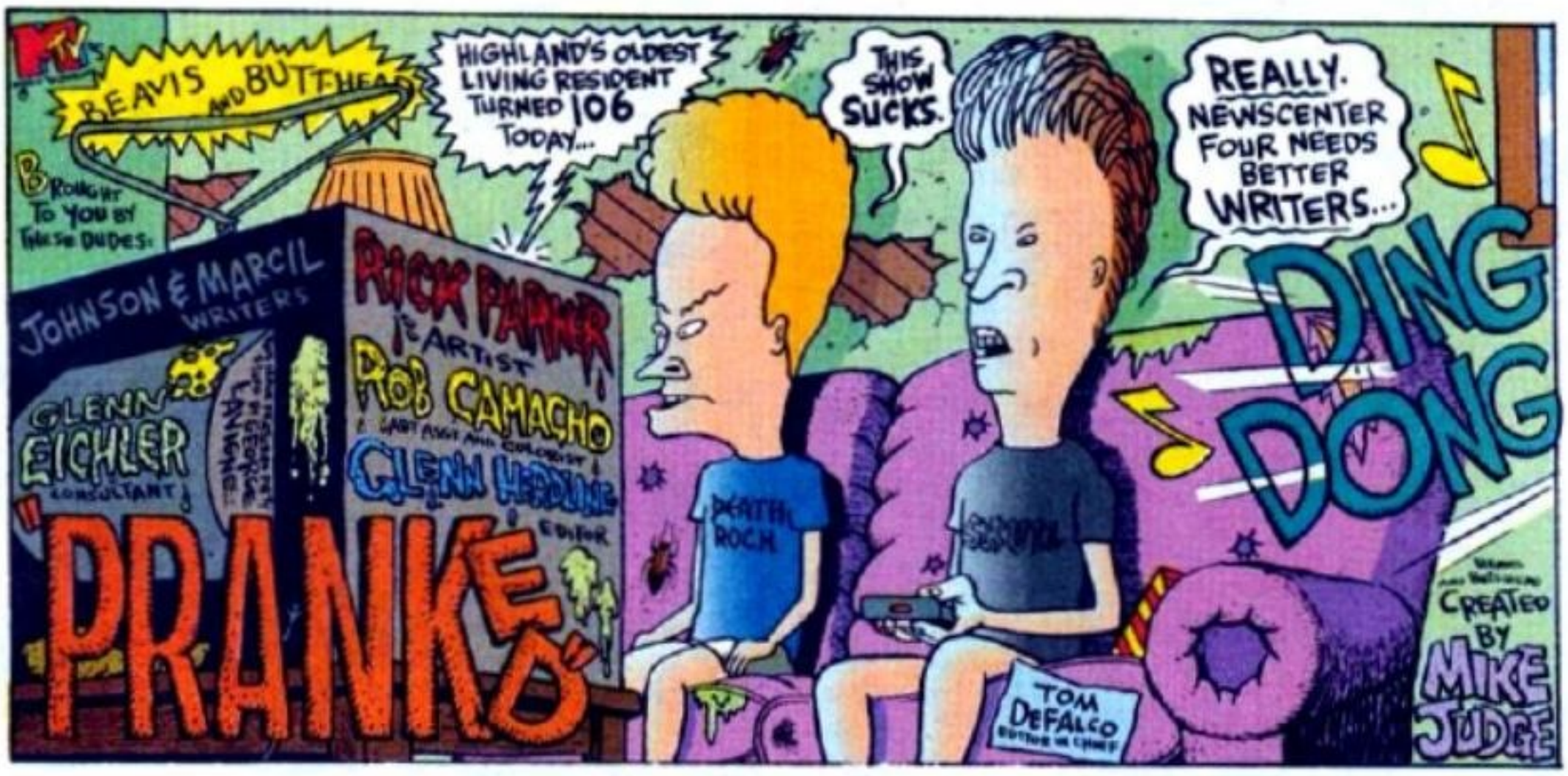

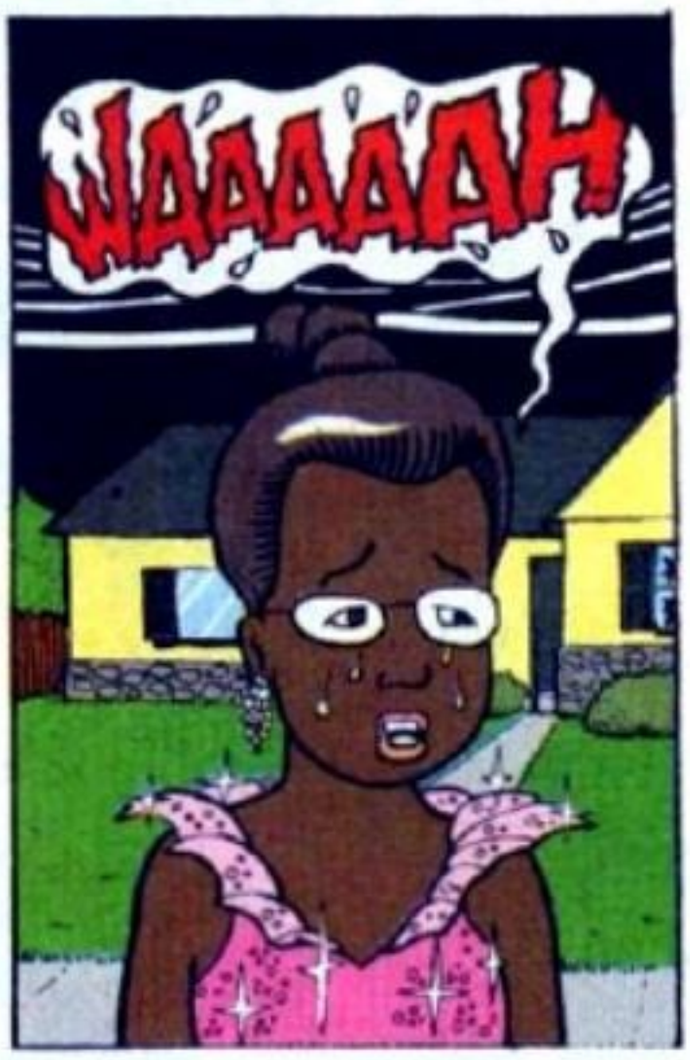

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BSG

HURRY UP, ASSWIPE! BEFORE EVERYBODY TAKES ALL THE GOOD CANDY!

SHUT UP, BUNGHOLE. I'VE ALMOST GOT 'EM.

CLOP!

CLOMP

EDITOR'S NOTE: BOOT ON WRONG FOOT

HEY, BUTT-HEAD... I THINK I'M LIKE TOO BIG FOR MY BRIDGES OR WHATEVER...

REALLY. THIS COSTUME'S PINCHING MY NADS.

EH-EH-EH-EH-EH-EH-EH-EH-EH-EH-EH! TAKE THAT, COLONEL KLINK -- IN THE NAME OF AMERICA!!

HEH-HEH! WUSS.

SETTLE DOWN, BEAVIS. AND GET OUT OF THAT DAMN THING.

THESE COSTUMES SUCK.

WE CAN USE SOME OF THIS STUFF FOR A COSTUME.

YEAH! DRESSING UP IS FUN!!

LATER

UM, WHAT ARE WE SPOSED TO BE, ANYWAYS?

I DUNNO... GARBAGE MEN! OR SOMETHING...

GRRRRRR--!

HEY... WHAT'S THAT NOISE?

AAAGH! GET 'EM OFF!!!
CAW
CAW
HUH-HUH THEY'RE EATING YOU, DUDE. HUH-HUH
I GUESS IT'D BE LIKE IF WE SAW A MONSTER MADE OUT OF NACHOS.
DEATH ROCK
SKUL
PANT PANT
HUFF PUFF
SHUT UP BEAVIS. I'M TRYING TO THINK OF A COSTUME...
UH, EUR... EUR... EUREK... URETHRA! ...OR WHATEVER. HUH-HUH
SOON. THIS IS COOL. JUST DON'T TELL ANYBODY WHO YOU ARE, AND THEY'LL THINK YOU'RE ME.
HUH-HUH I'M BUTT-HEAD! HUH-HUH
EXOTIC DAN
The MORGENDORFFERS
EDITOR'S NOTE: IN CASE YOU DIDN'T NOTICE, THEY SWITCHED CLOTHES. PAY ATTENTION, DILLWEEDS!
PSSSST!
HEY!! "RUSTLE IN TH' BUSHES"!
-BY IZZY OWNER.
WELL IZZY! (HEH-HEH)
WHOA, TODD!! GUESS WHO I'M SPOSED TO BE!!
A SORRY LITTLE PUNK.
HEH-HEH GOOD ONE, SIR!
SHUT UP AND LISTEN! ME AND THE BOYS IS GONNA GO EGG SOME HOUSES, AND TEAR UP SOME LAWNS, AND STEAL A BUNCH OF THOSE LITTLE JOCKEY STATUES. KEEP THE COPS BUSY OR WE'LL KICK YOUR ASSES!
TODD RULES!!

SHORTLY...

HEH-HEH! I MEAN HUH-HUH! I'M BUTT-HEAD! HUH-HUH! COPS SUCK!

HEH-HEH! LIKE, HEH-HEH! I'M BEAVIS, FARTKNOCKERS!

YOU PUNKS THINK THAT ON HALLOWEEN ANYTHING GOES?!!!

YEAH?!! WELL, WE CAN PLAY THAT GAME, TOO!!

AAAAH! TODD! HELP!

HEY, FRANK! SOME KIDS ARE GETTING BEATEN BY COPS! WE GOTTA GET THIS ON TAPE! LET'S PULL OVER!

-- AND MISS AN OPPORTUNITY TO COVER THE CHRISTIAN BUSINESSMEN'S ANNUAL HAUNTED HOUSE FOR CHARITY--? NO WAY!!!

LATER...

HOW COME TODD DIDN'T COME HELP US?

HE CAN'T JUST DROP EVERYTHING EVERY TIME SOMEBODY NEEDS HIM, DUMBASS...

SKULL

BATTLE CAP

OH YEAH. I GUESS HE'S A LOT LIKE THE COPS.

YOU KNOW, IF LIKE, WE DIDN'T GET OUR ASSES KICKED, AND IF WE GOT SOME CANDY, AND LIKE, IF SOMETHING SCARY HAPPENED, HALLOWEEN WOULD RULE.

...AT LEAST WE HAVE COOL COSTUMES.

REALLY.

END PART ONE

HEY, BEAVIS -- LOOK! IT'S THAT SPAM GUY!

NO WAY, BUTT-HEAD! THAT'S NOT SPAM! IT'S... UHM... SOMEBODY ELSE!

YOU ARE THE PROWLER, CORRECT?

YES. AND YOU MUST BE THE MYSTERIOUS NIGHTWATCH I'VE BEEN HEARING ABOUT!

THEN THIS GUY MUST BE SPAM!

THAT'S NOT SPAM, EITHER! DUMBASS! THAT'S A DIFFERENT GUY... I THINK HE'S WINDOW-WASHER!

I'M INVESTIGATING THOSE BREAK-INS. I ASSUME YOU'RE HERE FOR THE SAME REASON.

YES. MAYBE WE SHOULD WORK TOGETHER!

ALL RIGHT. JUST DON'T STEP ON MY CAPE.

WHATS THE DEAL WITH THE CAPES ON THESE GUYS?

I DUNNO. CAPES SUCK! THEY REMIND ME OF THAT FAT SINGER WITH THE SIDEBURNS.

YOU KNOW... THE ONE FROM LAS VEGAS!

YOU MEAN THE ONE WHO DIED WHILE SITTING ON THE CAN?

YEAH! YEAH! THAT'S THE ONE!

MAYBE THESE GUYS WILL SIT ON THE CAN AND DIE!

BILL REINHOLD: ART
BARRY BUTTER: WORDS

HOUSE OF SUCK

TELL OUR VIEWERS WHAT YOU HOPE TO ACCOMPLISH, SIR...

FOLKS, THE GOAL IS TO RAISE MONEY FOR OUR JUVENILE DELINQUENT RE-EDUCATION CENTER... AND IF WE CAN SCARE THE BEJEEZUS INTO SOME YOUNGSTERS, THAT'S JUST FROSTING ON THE BUN.

CHRISTIAN BUSINESSMEN'S ANNUAL HAUNTED HOUSE FOR CHARITY

HEY, BUTT-HEAD-- CHECK IT OUT... IT'S THAT DUDE DRACLIA's HOUSE.

COOL! MAYBE HE'LL GIVE US, LIKE, SOME CANDY, OR SOME BLOOD OR SOMETHING...

UM, LIKE, GIVE US SOME CANDY, DRACLIA, AND WE WON'T STICK YOU WITH ONE'A THOSE WOOD THINGS.

HUH HUH HUH

SHORTLY...

DRACLIA SUCKS.

REALLY... IT'S, LIKE, NO MORE MR. NICE DUDE... LET'S GO IN THE BACK WAY AND DO SOME TRICKS OR SOMETHING.

THE BACK WAY

REAR ENTRY

PLEASE USE OTHER ORIFICE

SKULL

BOYS, I GOT NO TIME FOR TOMFOOLERY.. IT'S TWO BUCKS ADMISSION AND THE LINE STARTS OVER THERE...

YEAH! TRICKS RULE!

UH... HELLO... KNOCK KNOCK.

YEAH! HEH-HEH! UM... DING DONG.

HUH-HUH! "DONG."

AAAAAAAAH!

I THINK THAT WAS A CHICK SCREAMING, BUTT-HEAD.

'COURSE IT WAS, DUMBASS. DRACULA'S ALWAYS GOT SOME CHICKS LYING AROUND IN, LIKE, COFFINS AND STUFF.

DEATH ROCK

OH, YEAH. HEH-HEH HE'S SMOOTH.

I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO, LIKE, MEET SOME VAMPIRE CHICKS.

BEAVIS, YOU'D BE HAPPY TO MEET ANY CHICKS.

HEH-HEH REALLY.

HEY, DOGGONIT!! YOU KIDS CAN'T BE BACK HERE!! THE LINE GOES THROUGH THE FRONT!!

HAA!

93F

WHOA! YOU KICKED THAT DUDE RIGHT IN THE FACE...

YEAH. I WAS AIMING FOR HIS NADS, BUT HIS FACE GOT IN THE WAY.

OOOOH...

THAT WAS PROBLY THE DUDE WHO WAS BOTHERIN' DRACULA'S CHICKS.

YEAH. THEY'LL PROBLY WANNA "REPAY" US FOR GETTING RID OF HIM. HUH-HUH!

COOL! MAYBE TH' CHICKS WILL GIVE US SOME CANDY!

...YOU DUMBASS...

WOOO

UH-OH, BUTT-HEAD. I THINK WE'RE GONNA HAVE TO, LIKE, GET IN LINE FOR THOSE VAMPIRE CHICKS.

=HUH-HUH= VAMPIRE CHICKS ARE SLUTS. WHOA... CHECK IT OUT, MAYBE THERE'S ONE UNDER THIS SHEET.

WOOO WOOOO

HEY!! GET TH'HECK OUTTA THERE AN' GET BACK IN LINE!!!

=HUH-HUH= NO CHICKS IN HERE. =HUH-HUH=

...JUST SOME BUNGHOLE IN A SHEET.

THIS PLACE IS A RIP-OFF. IF THIS WAS A REAL GHOST, MY HAND WOULD GO RIGHT THROUGH IT.

WUAF

REALLY. I'LL BE PISSED IF THOSE CHICKS TURN OUT NOT TO BE REAL VAMPIRES.

AAAAAAAH!

BUTT-HEAD!! IT'S THOSE VAMPIRE CHICKS AGAIN! THEY MUST BE JUST UP AHEAD!

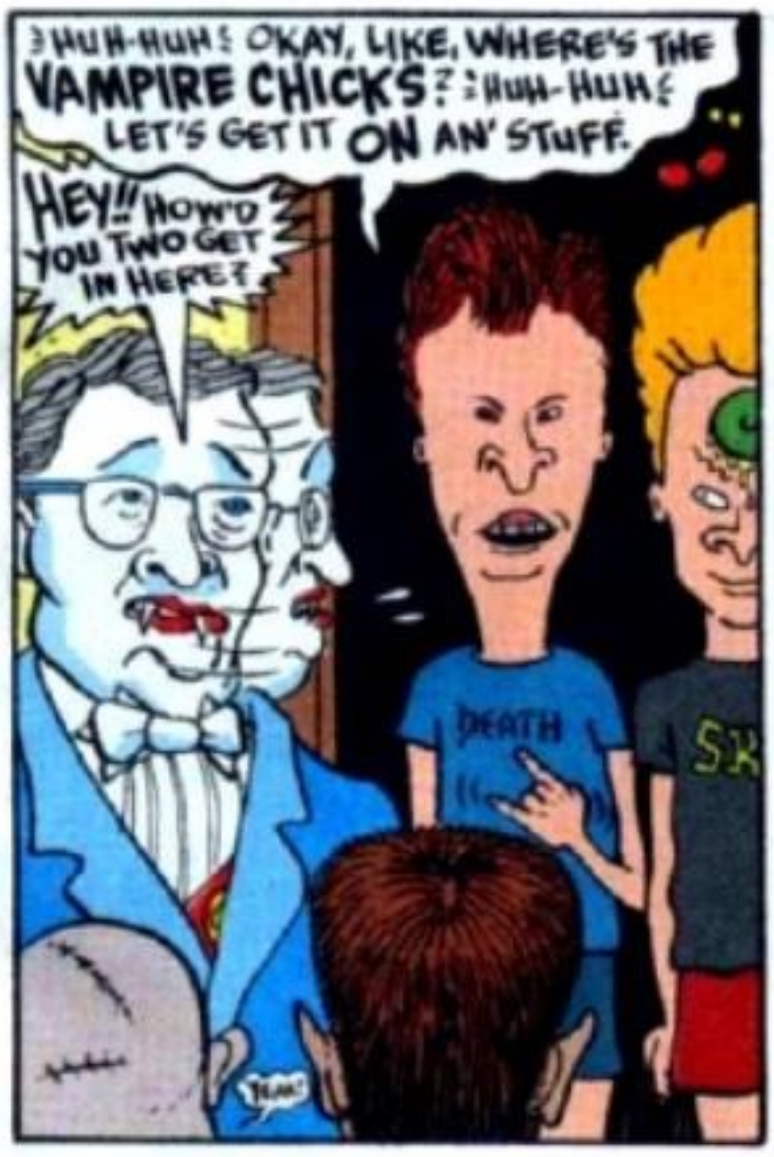
CRYPT

YEAH. THEY CAN PROBABLY SENSE WE'RE PRETTY CLOSE, NOW.

THEY PROBLY SMELL US.

THAT WAS CRAP, PEOPLE. I NEED VOLUME!! I NEED HORROR!! THIS IS FOR TV, KIDS... NOT SOME RINKY-DINK SCHOOL PLAY!!

...JUST THINK OF A GODLESS WORLD WITHOUT SOUND BUSINESS PRINCIPLES, YOUNGSTERS. THAT OUGHTTA SCARE YOU!

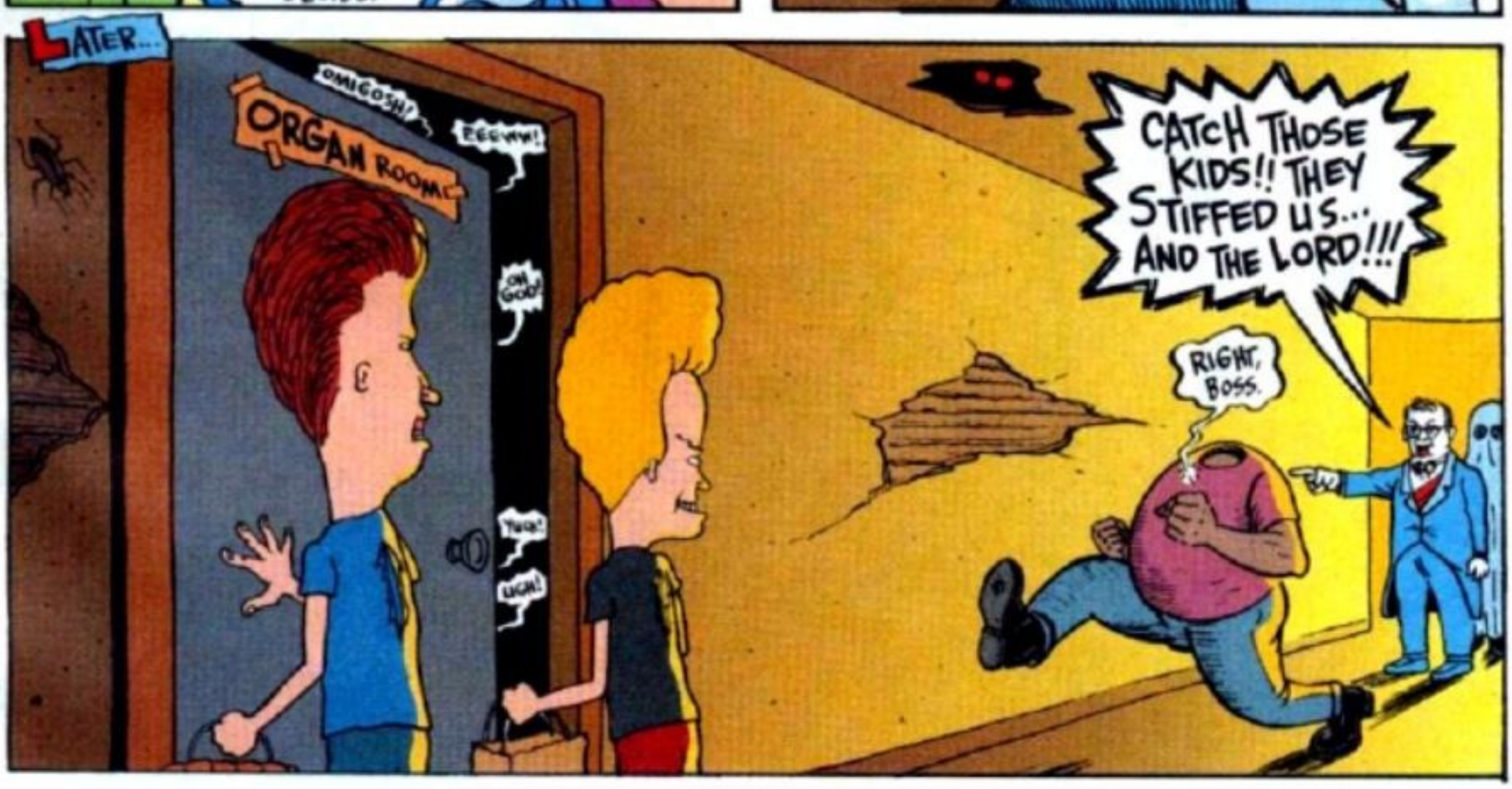

HUH-HUH! OKAY, LIKE, WHERE'S THE VAMPIRE CHICKS? HUH-HUH! LET'S GET IT ON AN' STUFF.
HEY!! HOW'D YOU TWO GET IN HERE?
DEATH
SK
YEAH!

YOUNG PEOPLE, THE GOOD BOOK TELLS US TO CAST OUT THE SINNERS. AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED, A DEAD-BEAT'S AS GOOD AS A SINNER.
SKULL
UM... IF YOU TOUCH ME, I SWEAR TO GOD I'LL SCREAM. HEH-HEH.

GET THIS ON TAPE, FRANK... IT'S PERFECT!
AAAH!

AHEM! NOW, SEE HERE, FOLKS... THAT WAS JUST SOME GOOD, OLD-FASHIONED SCARING, AND SHOULD IN NO WAY BE INTERPRETED AS THREATENING OR INAPPROPRIATE BEHAVIOR...
IT'S ALL ON TAPE, SO WE'LL LET THE VIEWERS DECIDE!

YOU SAID I WAS GONNA BE ON TV!
WE'VE BEEN MANIPULATED BY THE MEDIA!
KILL THEM!


LATER...
OMIGOSH!
ORGAN ROOM
EEGWW!
OH, GOD!
YUCK!
UGH!
CATCH THOSE KIDS!! THEY STIFFED US... AND THE LORD!!!
RIGHT, BOSS.

SOON

...FEEL THE EYEBALLS OF RECENTLY-EXECUTED KILLERS...

...SINK YOUR HANDS INTO A DEAD MAN'S GUTS...

...FEEL THE STILL WARM HEART OF A CHILD WHO DIDN'T MAKE IT THROUGH THIS HOUSE ALIVE...

EEEEEEW!

P.U!

YUCK!

GROSS!

UGH!

THIS FEELS SICK...

SICK!

HUH-HUH-HUH COOL!

OOO!

CLIK

ALL RIGHT! I KNOW YOU'RE IN HERE! GIVE YOURSELVES UP AND DON'T RUIN IT FOR THE OTHERS!

HEY!! THESE AREN'T EYEBALLS! THESE ARE GRAPES!

GRAPES!

WE'VE BEEN RIPPED OFF!

WE WANT REAL GUTS--NOT SPAGHETTI!

NO GUTS--NO PEACE!!

C'MON! LET'S TRASH TH' HOUSE!

DEATH ROCK

THIS CANDY DOESN'T TASTE RIGHT.

UM, I THINK THAT'S FRUIT, NOT CANDY.

>UGH< SICK. THIS PLACE REALLY IS SCARY. LET'S GO.

SKULL

LATER...

TRICK OR TREATING IS COOL.

:HUH-HUH: UH, I JUST LIKE THE TRICKING PART.

HEY, BEAVIS--"IF THIS VAN'S A' ROCKIN' DON'T COME A' KNOCKIN'." :HUH-HUH-HUH!

PLEASE!

STOP STOP STOP

WRIX

:HEH-HEH-HEH! ...UM, THAT REMINDS ME... I WONDER WHATEVER HAPPENED TO THOSE VAMPIRE CHICKS?

OH!

UH, I GUESS SOMEBODY MUST'A FOUND 'EM, AN' LIKE, STUCK 'EM WITH A WOOD THING!

HUH HUH HUH HUH HUH

OH, YEAH... FIRST SERVE, FIRST COME, OR WHATEVER...

DEATH ROCK

...WE'RE NEVER GONNA SCORE.

END

MTV BEAVIS AND BUTT-HEAD

IN TALES FROM THE DIM

THIS SUCKS, DUDE. WE'VE BEEN OUT ALL NIGHT, AND, LIKE, WE DON'T EVEN HAVE ANY CANDY!

REALLY. WHEN PEOPLE DON'T GIVE US CANDY, WE OUGHT'A JUST KICK 'EM IN TH' NADS!!!

:HEH-HEH:

"KICK OR TREAT"

BONK!

DEATH ROCK

SKUZZ

HUH HUH HUH-HUH

HEY, GUYS! I GET IT!!! YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE EACH OTHER! HA-HA! GREAT COSTUMES!

GUESS WHO I AM?

UH... SOME KIND OF FOREIGN DUMBASS...

DEATH ROCK

SKUZZ

:HEH-HEH: UM... A TREE?

HA-HA! YOU'RE BOTH WRONG! I'M THE POOR TRAVELER SET UPON BY THIEVES ON HIS WAY TO JERICHO, LEFT IN THE DITCH AND ONLY LATER AIDED BY THE GOOD SAMARITAN !!!!

GOOD IDEA! YOU GIVE US YOUR CANDY... WE'LL LEAVE YOU IN A DITCH...

... THEN YOU CAN WAIT FOR THAT DUDE SAM MARTIN OR WHATEVER...

YOU KIDDER! I ALREADY BROUGHT MY CANDY HOME SO MY MOM CAN RATION IT OUT TO ME IN SMALL AMOUNTS OVER THE NEXT YEAR!

...YOU WUSS...

REALLY... I NEVER LET MY MOM TOUCH MY FOOD...

...WHO KNOWS WHERE HER HANDS HAVE BEEN?!

LATER...

DING DONG! HUH-HUH

...HOW TERRIFYING... BEAVIS, BUTT-HEAD, AND STEWART--TOGETHER AT MY HOUSE...

I'M BEAVIS. UH... HEH-HEH

I'M BUTT-HEAD. KICK-OR-TREAT?

HI!

HURRY UP AND COME IN BEFORE THE NEIGHBORS SEE YOU...

PARTIES ARE COOL. YOU JUST, LIKE, EAT ALL THE CRAP, GET HYPER, BREAK EVERYTHING AND LEAVE...

YEAH. IT'S LIKE AT HOME... EXCEPT YOU'RE AT SOMEBODY ELSE'S HOUSE...

UM, MAYBE YOU GUYS WOULD LIKE TO PLAY SOME GAMES...

DEATH ROCK

SKULL

LIQUID HOT DOG

WHAT ARE THOSE THINGS IN THE WATER?

THEY'RE CALLED "APPLES" BUTT-HEAD.

UM, I THOUGHT APPLES WERE THOSE ORANGE THINGS.

DEATH ROCK

SKULL

THOSE "ORANGE THINGS" ARE CALLED BANANAS, DUMBASS.

PIN the TAIL on the DONKEY

THAT LOOKS EASY. LEMME TRY.

SOON...

BIG PIN

SKULL

AAAIIEE

UH, I GUESS IT'S HARDER THAN IT LOOKS. HUH-HUH!

HUH-HUH! I SAID "HARD."

MAYBE YOU'D LIKE TO TELL SOME SCARY STORIES.

YEAH, C'MON GUYS!!! TELL US A SCARY STORY!!!

AND SO...

ATH ROCK

ONCE, THERE WERE THESE THREE DUDES WHO WENT OUT CAMPING IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE, AND, LIKE, THEY HEARD THIS NOISE...

WHO'S GOT MY GOLDEN ARM?

HOOOO HOOOO

WHO'S GOT MY GOLDEN ARM?

NINA

WHO'S GOT MY GOLDEN ARM?

WHO'S GOT MY GOLDEN ARM?

WHO'S GOT MY GOLDEN ARM?

AND THEN... AND THEN... AND THEN I THINK, LIKE, SOMETHING SCARY HAPPENED... LIKE A MONSTER... OR A DUDE WITHOUT A HAND... I CAN'T REMEMBER... BUT IT WAS PROBLY PRETTY SCARY...

THAT SUCKED. THAT WASN'T SCARY AT ALL.

YEAH IT WAS, ASSMUNCH! YOU JUST DIDN'T GET IT.

YOU TRY TELLING A SCARY STORY.

DEATH ROCK

HEH-HEH! OKAY, LIKE, UM... ONCE THERE WAS THIS DUDE, AND HE HAD, LIKE, TWO SONS...

...NO-- THREE SONS!!!

...AND, LIKE, THE DUDE MEETS THIS LADY... AND SHE'S GOT THREE BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTERS... AND LIKE HEH-HEH THEY GET MARRIED... AND THEY ALL LIVE TOGETHER, AND HEH-HEH STUFF HAPPENS! HEH-HEH

"THAT'S THAT SHOW, "THE BREEDER BUNCH," DILLWAD! WHAT'S SO SCARY ABOUT THAT?!!

IT'S LIKE, LIVING IN THE SAME HOUSE WITH THREE BEAUTIFUL CHICKS AND YOU CAN'T, LIKE, DO IT WITH THEM, 'CUZ THEY'RE, LIKE, YOUR SISTERS.

OH, YEAH... THAT IS SCARY...

... OKAY... NOW IT'S MY TURN...

DEATH ROCK

... ON A HALLOWEEN NIGHT, NOT SO LONG AGO, TWO BOYS THOUGHT IT WOULD BE COOL TO SWITCH CLOTHES AND GO OUT TRICK-OR TREATING DISGUISED AS EACH OTHER...

DEATH ROCK

"... ON THAT VERY NIGHT DEATH CAME FOR ONE OF THE BOYS... BUT WHEN HE FOUND THEM, BECAUSE THEY HAD SWITCHED CLOTHES, HE COULDN'T TELL WHO WAS WHO... SO DEATH TOOK THEM BOTH!!!

"... AND TO THIS VERY DAY, THEY SIT WATCHING TV IN HELL, WHERE EVERY SHOW SUCKS AND THE ONLY MUSIC THEY CAN EVER LISTEN TO IS OPERA..."

THAT'S STUPID. IF DEATH TRIED TO GET ME, I'D KICK HIM IN TH' NADS!

YOU DUMBASS... DEATH DOESN'T HANE ANY NADS. THEY FELL OFF WHEN HE DIED.

THEN GIMME MY SHIRT BACK, ASS-MUNCH! I'M NOT GOING DOWN TO HELL TILL I'M GOOD 'N READY.

SKULL

"HUH-HUH! IT "GOING DOWN."

END

HOW TO MAKE A JERK-O

ATTENTION DILLWEEDS! MAIL PHOTOS TO: JERK-O-LANTERN c/o MARVEL COMICS 387 PARK AVE. SOUTH N.Y. N.Y 10016

*ALL ENTRIES MUST BE POSTMARKED NO LATER THAN DEC. 31, 1994.

:HEH-HEH: OKAY, BUTT-HEAD. I'VE GOT ONE OF THOSE Sharpie® THINGIES! WHAT DO I DO NOW? TELL ME!! TELL ME!!

CALM DOWN ASSMUNCH! THIS IS GONNA BE COOL! I'LL DO ME, THEN YOU CAN DO YOU!

:HEH-HEH: BUT I ALREADY DID MYSELF TODAY... TWICE!

SOON...

PAY ATTENTION, DILLWAD. THIS IS HOW YOU DO IT...

:HEH-HEH: YOU SAID "DO IT."

NOTE: IF YOU CAN'T FIND A PUMPKIN OF THE RIGHT SHAPE, USE A SQUASH OR EVEN A YAM! ..EDITOR

OKAY. DRAW, LIKE, TWO CIRCLE THINGIES ABOUT HALFWAY DOWN... THEN, PUT DOTS IN 'EM.

...ADD SIX LITTLE LINES FOR EYEBROWS, CHEEKS, CHIN AND LOWER LIP...

...THEN ADD, LIKE, THE MOUTH, GUMS, TEETH, AND BRACES!

NOW I'LL DO YOU.

FIRST, DRAW, LIKE, TWO FLAT CIRCLES ABOUT ONE THIRD UP FROM THE BOTTOM. ANGLE 'EM DOWN LIKE THIS...

THEN DRAW A "V" WITH BLACK BOOGERS ON IT.

:HEH-: THIS IS SNOT AS HARD AS I THOUGHT.

:HUH-HUH: THIS IS COOL! THE LAST THING YOU DO IS DRAW, LIKE, THIS ROTTEN BANANA WITH LIKE, CHICKLET THINGIES STUCK INTO IT.

THIS SUCKS! IT DOESN'T LOOK A THING LIKE ME, FART-KNOCKER!

THAT'S 'CAUSE I'M NOT DONE YET, DILLWEED.

YEAH! :HEH-HEH: YOU FORGOT THE HAIR.

SEND IN A PHOTOGRAPH OF YOUR JERK-O-LANTERN™

JERK-O-LANTERN

R. PARKER ARTIST WRITER

I WANNA DO IT!! I WANNA DO IT!!

JUST WATCH, DILL-WIPE.

ADD LOTSA SHORT LINES FOR THE HAIR AND LIKE "BIKE HANDLE-BARS" FOR THE NOSE...

...THEN PUT, LIKE, TWO HALF-CIRCLE THINGIES FOR THE NOSTRILS AND THIS STRAIGHT LINE GOING DOWN FROM BETWEEN THE EYES...

=HEH-HEH= YOU SAID "GOING DOWN". =HEH-HEH=

PAY ATTENTION, FARTKNOCKER! I'M ALMOST DONE!

LEMME DO IT!

...SETTLE DOWN, BUTT-MUNCH! I GOTTA FINISH THE NOSE NOW!!!

DRAW, LIKE, THIS UPSIDE DOWN "?" AND PUT THE DOT IN ONE OF THE CIRCLE THINGIES.

...FINISH THE NOSE BY DRAWING A HALF-CIRCLE THINGIE AROUND THE OTHER BLACK SNOT.

=HUH-HUH= THIS IS COOL!

...THEN PUT LIKE A DOT IN THE OTHER FLAT CIRCLE THINGIE.

=HEH-HEH= IS IT, LIKE FINISHED YET?

...NOT QUITE, BUTT-WIPE. I JUST GOTTA DRAW TWO SQUIGGLY WORMS FOR THE EYEBROWS...

=HUH-HUH= NOW, I, LIKE, SCOOP OUT THE GUTS OF A VERY LARGE PUMPKIN.

SKULL

YEAH...?

YEAH.

...AND THEN WHAT?

THEN I ADD THE HAIR, ASSWIPE!

SPLUT

...OH YEAH.

WHOA! THESE TWO CHICKS ARE FIGHTING!

YEAH! YEAH! CAT FIGHT! CAT FIGHT!

WELL, WELL, WELL. LOOKS LIKE I CAUGHT ME A CAT BURGLAR.

I LOVE WATCHING CHICKS FIGHT!

YEAH! YEAH! PULL HER HAIR! KICK HER! KICK HER!

YOU HAVEN'T CAUGHT ME YET.

YOU'VE BEEN A BAD LITTLE PUSSYCAT!

YEAH! SPANK HER! SPANK HER!

THE ONLY WAY THIS COMIC COULD BE BETTER WAS IF THESE CHICKS WERE NAKED!

YEAH! YEAH!

WELL, IT LOOKS LIKE I'VE COME OUT ON TOP!

I'M NOT LICKED YET.

BEAVIS... I NEED TO BE ALONE WITH THIS COMIC BOOK FOR A WHILE!

NO WAY, BUTT-HEAD! IT'S MINE! USE YOUR NATURAL GEOGRAPHICS MAGAZINE!

MARK BRACHMAN '94

BARRY DUTTER: WORDS

GLENN "GASMAN" HERDLING AND SCOTT MARSHALL

EDITOR PRESENT:

BUTT-MAIL™

SEND LETTERS AN STUFF TO →

To: BUTT-MAIL c/o MARVEL COMICS 387 PARK AVE. SOUTH NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016

ALL LETTERS INTENDED FOR PUBLICATION MUST INCLUDE ADDRESS AND BUTT SIZE!! BUT WE WILL WITHHOLD THIS INFORMATION UPON REQUEST

SKULL

DEATH ROCK

BIG BANG™ COMICS

BIG BANG COMICS PO BOX 7137, ELGIN IL 60121-7137

Dear Sirs,

I am writing in regard to your publication "MTV's BEAVIS AND BUTTHEAD" number 8, cover dated October 1994.

In this particular issue, the two stars are "radio-activated" (nearly electrocuted while destroying a radio) and become super heroes known as COOLMAN and DR. WEIRD. It was a fairly clever issue, with the running gag of running a ™ (trademark) listing after the names every time they were used.

Unfortunately, there already is an existing character by the name of DR. WEIRD, and I co-own the copyright on it.

We feel that an apology should be printed in the letters page, and that it would be appropriate to run an illustration of the *real* DR. WEIRD, with correct copyright info.

Thank you,

Larry Stanton

WHAT TH'--?!

BANG

FRAP!

UH? HEH-HEH. WE'RE, LIKE SORRY ABOUT THAT. BUT, YOU KNOW, HE'S REALLY NOT THAT WEIRD.

Dear Beavis Butthead,

Your magazine is cool. Your show is too. Hey I wonder if you guys are going to make a movie. Hey Butthead, I heard you were getting sexual the time until your wrist got arthritis.

We Kick ass. Suckers dumb[illegible] and chicke my chicken!

(Signature)

butt size - 7 Chris - 240 lbs, built like a brick [illegible]

butt size - 50 Greg - 350 lbs linebacker, runs the [illegible]

butt size - 46 Mark - 160 lbs all american football player, runs sub 4 [illegible]

Newark, California 94560

SO, HUH-HUH. YOU GUYS LIKE TO PLAY WITH YOUR BALLS ON THE FIELD...

Dear Beavis + Butt-head,

Hey! You guys are the most idiodic, brainless, anti-social twits I've ever seen! My god, you set standards for every adolescent in America. That sucks.

Anyways, I guess you guys have your good sides, like when you helped Anderson with his yams, or when you learned about history.

I'm giving you guys a picture of what you'd look like if you were cool. Professer Beavis and GamButt, huh huhhuh check out Rogue huhhuh!

Well, keep being butt-munchins turd loaves because I guess it's making you rich.

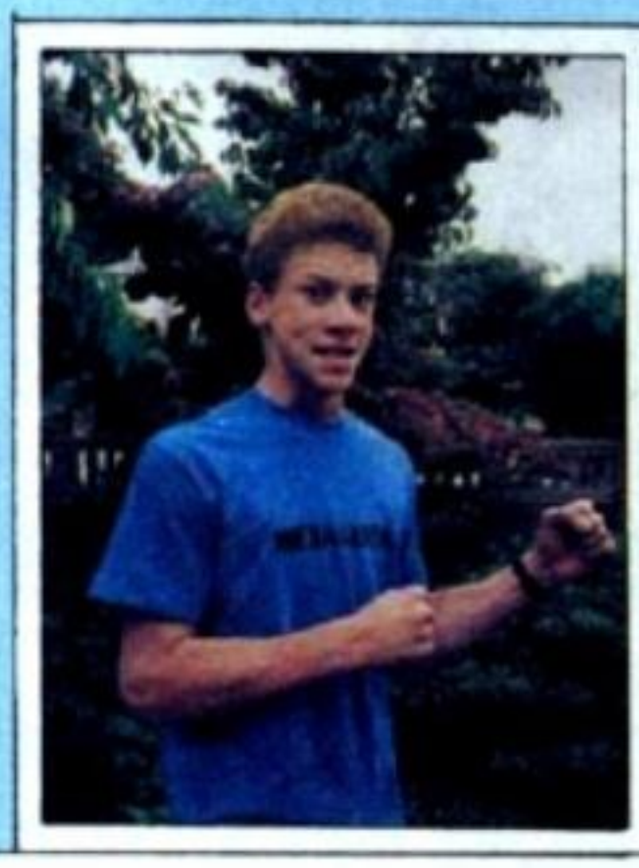
Have fun, bum-wipes,

NATE BOCCHICCHIO
LAKEWOOD, OHIO

Butt-size: round, and cute in its own special way.

UH-HUH-HUH: BEAVIS, YOU'RE, LIKE, DEAD FROM THE WAIST DOWN.

UH-HUH-HUH: I'M CLOSE TO HER THINGIES.



UH... HERE'S ANOTHER EPISSUL... =HUH= THAT'S "EPISTOL," DUMBASS!

Dear Beavis and Butt-head,
You guys rule, but then again you guys kind of suck, but that's pretty cool. School sucks because you have to work, work sucks. The only thing that rules in school is sex education. There's like this chick in my class, and that's pretty cool. Chicks are cool. It would be cool if Punisher would kick Principal McDicker's ass. The only thing cooler than violence is dirty stuff. I like, have this dirty magazine under my bed and my mom doesn't know about it.
John McClellan

NEXT

UM... ME AND BEAVIS, LIKE, GO OVER TO STEWART'S HOUSE TO ~~CELEBRATE~~ LIKE, EAT FOR THANKSGIVING.

MTV's BEAVIS AND BUTT-HEAD LOOK-A-LIKE CONTEST

UH-HUH-HUH: THESE DUDES LIKE, KINDA LOOK LIKE US, SO, LIKE THEY'RE RUNNERS-UP OR SOMETHING. SO, UH, GOOD JOB, MATTHEW SOLOMAN AND LUKE RAMBO

=HEH-HEH= =HUH-HUH=

=HEH-HEH= YOU TWO DUDES ARE ALMOST AS COOL AS US. =HUH-HUH=